And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, will you sit down?
And Uncle *Worcester*; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had never been borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativity:
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These signes have mark't me extra
And all the courses of my life doe s
I am not in the rolle of common m
Where is the living, clipt in with t
That chides the Bankes of *England*,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read t
And bring him out that is but Won
Can trace me in the tedious way of
And hold me pace in deepe experin

Pot. I thinke there's no man spea
I'le to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you wi

Glen. I can call Spirits from the va

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any
But will they come, when you doe

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cousin,

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and sham
If thou have power to raise him, brin
And i'le be sworne, I have power to
Oh while you live, tell truth, and shar

Mor. Come, come: no more of thi

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bulli*
Against my power, thrice from the ba
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severne* have I
Bootlesse home, and weather-beaten b

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fo
How scapes he agues in the divels na

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall w
According to our threefold order tane

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath divided
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Severne* hithe
By South and East, is to my part assign
All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Seve*
And all the fertile land within that bo
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, t
The remnant Northward, lying off fro

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37